

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Any thing but to th purpose; you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preserved loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can change you withal, be euen and direct with mee whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eie of you, if you loue me hold not off.

Gyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why so shall, my anticipation preuent your discouerie & your secrecie to the King and Queen moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises, and indeede it goes soe heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seems to me a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the aire, looke you, this braue ore-hanged firmament, this maiestticall rooffe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to mee but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the parragon of Annimales, & yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not mee nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Ros. My Lord there was no such stufte in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I said man delights not me.

Ros. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the plaiers shall receiue from you, wee coted them on the way, and hether are the coming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that plaies the King shall be welcome, his Maiestie shall haue tribute on mee, the aduenterous Knight shall vse his foyle and target, the louer shall not sing gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace and the Ladie shall say her mind freely: or the blanke verse shall haue for't. What players are they?

Ros. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Citie.

Ham.

Prince of Denmark

Ham. How chances it the reputation and profit was better.

Ros. I thinke their inhibition late innouation.

Ham. Do the hold the same in the Citie? are they so follo

Ros. No indeede are they no

Ham. It is not very strange, & those that would make more giue twentie, fortie, fiftie, a hundred in little: s'bloud there is rill, if Philosophy could find

Gyl. There are plaiers.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome then th'apportenance of me; let mee comply with you Plaiers, which I tell you more appeare like entertainment but my Vncle-father, and Aunt

Gyl. In what my deare Lord

Ham. I am but mad North Northwesterly, I know a Hawke, from

Enter Pol.

Pol. Well be with you Gent

Ham. Hark you Gyldestern that great babie as you see is

Ros. Happily he is the second an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will propheticke that marke it, you say right fir a M

Pol. My Lord I haue new

Ham. My Lord I haue new an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come h

Ham. Buz; buz;

Pol. Vpon my honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor

Pol. The best actors in the world Historic, Pastoral, Pastoral-C